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## PROM NUMBER

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The  
Massachusetts Institute  
of  
Technology  
Cambridge

**T**HE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY offers courses in Civil, Mechanical, Mining, Electrical, Chemical, Sanitary, and Architectural Engineering; in Chemistry, Electrochemistry, Biology and Public Health, Physics, Geology and Naval Architecture, and in Engineering Administration.

Graduates of colleges and scientific schools of collegiate grade are admitted without examinations, to such advanced standing as is warranted by their previous training.

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## Most Assuredly our Tech friends

will be interested in knowing that there has recently  
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1. Bright Eyes
2. Love Bird

*by*

**The Columbia Graphophone Co.**

These recordings may be secured at any of the Columbia Shops.

**The Leo F. Reisman Orchestras**



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**FINANCE** industrial and public utility properties and conduct an investment banking business.

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**MANAGE** public utility and industrial companies.

**REPORT** on going concerns, proposed extensions and new projects.

NEW YORK

BOSTON

CHICAGO

William E. Smith

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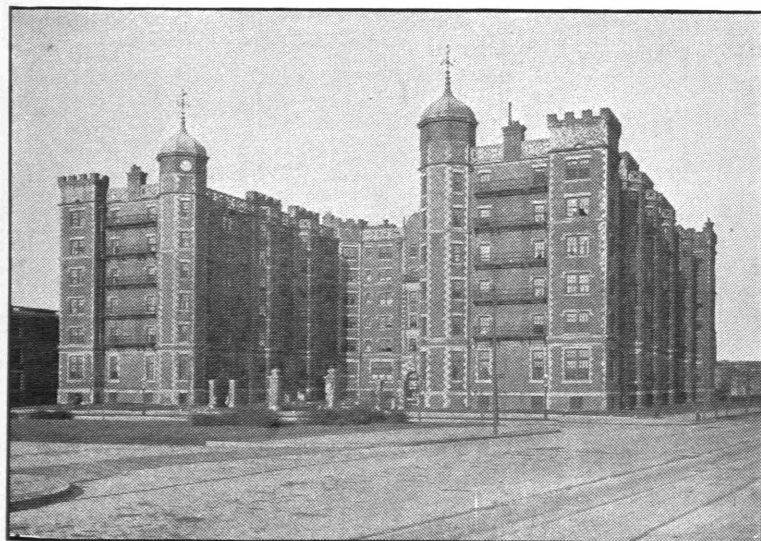
OUR MOTTO:

# *Choice Food—Cleanliness—Economy*

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Excellent Café

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Menu Submitted

Phone Cambridge 2680

William W. Davis, Manager

### It Happens In The Best Of Comics

*Frosh*:—"I know more about this joke game than the editor does."

*Soph*:—"That's possible."

*Frosh*:—"Sure; he thought the stuff I submitted was original."

—*Chaparral*

"If the workers in the pajama factories strike, there will be no new shows produced on Broadway next year."

—*Froth*

### Hard Luck

*First Stude*:—"Say, Jack, may I borrow your dress suit?"

*Second Stude*:—"Sure, but why all the formality?"

*First Stude*:—"I couldn't find it."

—*Burr*

*Clergyman* (who sat down next to slightly intoxicated man):  
"Do you allow a drunk on this car?"

*Conductor* (low voice):—"It's all right so long as you don't get noisy."

—*Gargoyle*

*He*:—"They have a trained nurse."

*She*:—"Don't they like wild ones?"

—*Drexer*



ESTABLISHED 1818

# Brooks Brothers, CLOTHING, Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET  
NEW YORK

**BOSTON**

**LITTLE BUILDING**

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**Clothing Ready-made or to Measure for Spring**

Evening Clothes, Cutaways, Sack Suits  
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English and Domestic Hats & Furnishings  
Boots and Shoes for Dress, Street and Outdoor Sport  
Trunks, Bags & Leather Goods

*Send for "The Replenishment of the Wardrobe"*

We have made Substantial Reductions  
in Prices throughout our Stock of  
Ready-made and Custom Clothing



**THE LITTLE BUILDING**

**TREMONT, COR BOYLSTON STREET**

There was a young woman named Tredd  
Who didn't know whether to wed;  
She asked the ouija  
It said, "Can he fija?"  
"I WISH I WAS CERTAIN!" she said.

—*Frivol*

"Isn't it strange that all those men in the front  
row are baldheaded?"

"They must have bought their tickets from the  
scalpers."

—*Jack-o'-Lantern*

"Having a bum time?"

"Bored to death."

"So am I. Let's sneak away somewhere."

"Can't. I'm the host."

—*Siren*

*Mrs. Dante:*—"What are you writing now, dear."

*Dante:*—"Oh, Hell, you wouldn't understand it!"

—*Record*

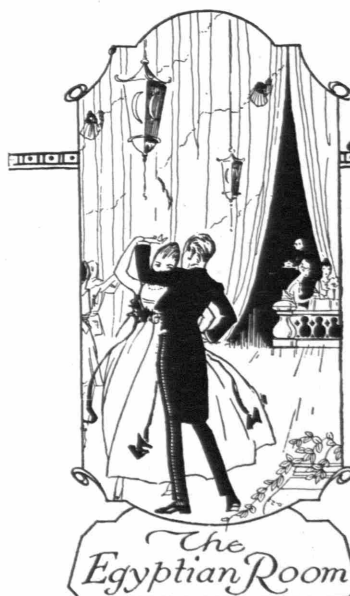
## **Politician to Friend Wife**

*P.:*—"Well, dearie, I was elected."

*W.:*—"Honestly!"

*P.:*—"Well, what difference does that make?"

—*Sun Dodger*



# The Brunswick

## *Dancing*

Mid the unique surroundings of  
the

## **Egyptian Room**

possesses a charm  
found nowhere else

Orchestra under the direction of  
Mr. Leo Reisman—the finest  
dance music in Boston.

From 6.30 to 12.30—throughout the winter

*L. C. PRIOR, Proprietor*



# MURAD

## THE TURKISH CIGARETTE

Mrs. Fox was bragging one day about the large number of her cubs.  
“How many cubs do you bring into the world at one time?” she asked the Lioness.

“Only ONE,” replied the Lioness—“but it’s a LION.”

**MURADS COST 20 CENTS for a BOX  
of 10 — BUT THEY’RE MURADS!**

MURADS would be lower priced if we left out all or part of the 100% Turkish tobaccos of the purest and best varieties grown—or if we substituted inferior grades of Turkish tobacco.

But they wouldn’t be MURADS—they’d only be Foxes!

**“Judge for Yourself—!”**

*Special attention is called  
to Murad 20s in Tin Boxes*

***Anargyros***

*Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish  
and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World*

## In College

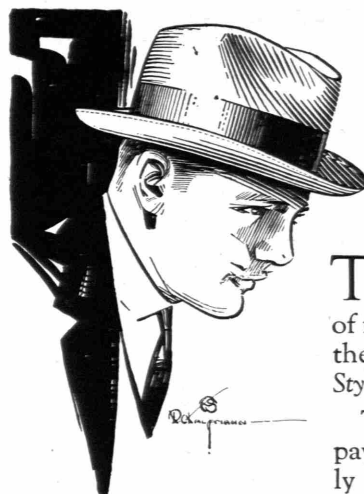
or on the way there—



a Student appreciates that quality in his Clothes which will take a lot of punishment and come back good as ever.

That quality we supply.

**MACULLAR PARKER  
COMPANY**  
400 WASHINGTON STREET  
*The Old House with the Young Spirit*



THE long and intimate understanding of men's needs explains the Stetson feeling for Style.

The little extra one pays is forgotten quickly in the pure, unadulterated satisfaction one

gets in wearing Stetson Quality.

Style, Quality and Sound Money's Worth assured by the Stetson Label in each Hat.

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY  
Philadelphia

**STETSON**

### It Never Fails

*Lecturer*:—"Now when a person is deaf, his sight is more acute, for the law of compensation will work itself out."

*Listener* (thoughtfully):—"I've often noticed it myself, that when a man has a short leg, the other is somewhat longer."

—Virginia Reel

"Why do you call Harry a night-owl?"

"Because he goes around with a gang at night that he can't see at all if he passes them on the street in the day time."

—Jack-o-Lantern

### How About the Bug?

*History Prof.*:—"Mr. Green, will you describe the charge in which the Russians took the Oder?"

*Green*:—"Why—why I didn't know they took it, I thought they always had it!"

—Gargoyle

"Our own opinion is that at the rate the authors are going it's only the bead-makers that can affect next years' shows."

—Jack-o-Lantern

### Stirring

*Marge*:—"Gee, but I had a stirring time this afternoon."

*Gerine*:—"I was at a tea party, too."

—Sun Dial

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**The Miller Drug Co.**

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The most modern up-to-date Pharmacy in Boston

**College Graduate Pharmacists  
at Your Service**

A complete stock of Foreign and  
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271 Ninth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Branches: Chicago, London

**R**UDYARD KIPLING has given the world these immortal lines:

And they asked us how we did it,  
And we gave 'em the Scripture text,  
"You keep your light so shining  
A little in front o' the next!"  
They copied all they could follow,  
But they couldn't copy our mind,  
And we left 'em sweating and stealing,  
A year and a half behind.

*The Apollo*  
**Chocolates**

*The Chocolates that are Different*



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PROFESSIONAL SERVICE?

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School of Life Insurance  
Carnegie Tech., '20



It looks like a "Goodyear"

**AMERICAN RETREAD & TIRE CO.**

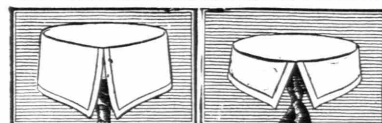
GOODYEAR SERVICE STATION

Auto Tires and Tubes—Vulcanizing

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**T**HE man who gives no thought at all to his personal appearance is almost as foolish as the man who thinks of nothing else. The right collar makes for a minimum of worry about dress.



SPURWOOD

ZELWOOD

*EW*  
**EARL & WILSON, TROY, N. Y.**

*Collars & Shirts*

### Curiosity

*She:*—"What are you laughing at?"

*He:*—"Nothing."

*She:*—"Oh, keep it to yourself. (Pause of a second) What is it?"

—Judge

### Your Nose Knows

*Adam:*—"I had a wonderful time at the dance last night. Helen gave me seven numbers."

*Eve:*—"Does she dance well?"

*Adam:*—"I don't know."

—Tiger

*Tickle:*—"See that girl with the 'V' back? Wouldn't she make some cover for a magazine?"

*Toe:*—"You mean a magazine would make some cover for her."

—Banter

*He:*—"Yes, I'm getting to be a big gun in the business world."

*She:*—"Quite right. I hear that they have fired you already."

—Banter

"Sure and they're goin' to run a minstrel show in Ireland, Mike."

"How do you know?"

"Haven't they been burning Cork?"

—Lord Vett



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*Official Photographers*

Photographic Portraits, Natural and Artistic  
The very best groups of Fraternities and Teams

*Special rates to Students*

**4 PARK ST., Boston**

**1286 MASS. AVE., Cambridge**

## Oh, Of Course

"Do you know Max?"

"Max who?"

"Max no difference."

—Virginia Reel

The other day a man dashed into Grand Central Station with just one minute to catch the Twentieth Century. He made the ticket window in two jerks.

"Quick! Give me a round trip ticket!" he gasped.

"Where to?"

"B-b-back here, you fool!"

—Awgwan

## Sympathy

Molly:—"Everett said he couldn't live without me.

Polly:—"He probably couldn't. He hasn't got a cent of his own."

—Jack-o'-Lantern

## Mouthings of Mammon!

Back:—"Oh! She's a terror. I can hear her giving him the very deuce every night when he gets home from the office. And they say he married her for her money."

Fence:—"Well — money talks!"

—Frivol

## Chauncy Hall School

ESTABLISHED 1828

The school that confines itself exclusively to the  
preparation of students for the

Massachusetts Institute of Technology

553 Boylston St.  
Boston, Mass.

Franklin T. Kurt  
Principal

*Excited*:—"Look at him come down the field head on!"

*Pessimist*:—"I've never seen anybody come down the field with it off!"

—Yale Record

*Enthusiastic Artist*:—"Have you seen my 'Descent into Hell'?"

*Bored Patron*:—"No, but I certainly would like to."

—Virginia Reel

*Barber*:—"Your hair is getting gray, sir."

*Customer*:—"Well, I'm not surprised. Hurry up!"

—Virginia Reel

## Why Don't You?

School boys and school girls read the TRANSCRIPT for its school news and sporting news.

Why don't YOU?

Churchgoers, as well as members of the clergy, read it for its incomparable religious pages.

Why don't YOU?

College men and women read it for its college and sporting news.

Why don't YOU?

Booklovers read it for its expert book reviews and news.

Why don't YOU?

Business men and women read it for its timely business news and reliable financial news.

Why don't YOU?

Housewives read it for the extensive advertising which it carries.

Why don't YOU?

Theatre, concert and movie goers read it for its unprejudiced criticisms and comment.

Why don't YOU?

Thousands of others read it for its pungent editorials, its well-gauged news, its newsy pictures, and its many other more than interesting features.

Why don't YOU?

Get the  
**Boston Transcript**  
Habit

ESTABLISHED  
1847

*Thos. F. Gabrin*  
INC.  
**FLOWERS**

**BOSTON**  
1 Park Street  
and  
799 Boylston St.

and

**NEW YORK**  
561 5th Avenue  
at  
46th Street

CORRESPONDENTS EVERYWHERE



**Conversation Reduced to an Art**

" 'We can't both stay in this house,' she hummed.  
'You must pay up or go out in the snow.' "

—*Saturday Evening Post*

"Why did you send him home so early?" her father asked.

She hummed, "You can't get any loving where there ain't any love."

"That bunch of tenants remind me of my autos."

"How so?"

"Because they are flat-tired."

—*Yale Record*

B:—"Isn't that man queer looking; he has Pullman teeth."

V:—"What do you mean by Pullman teeth?"

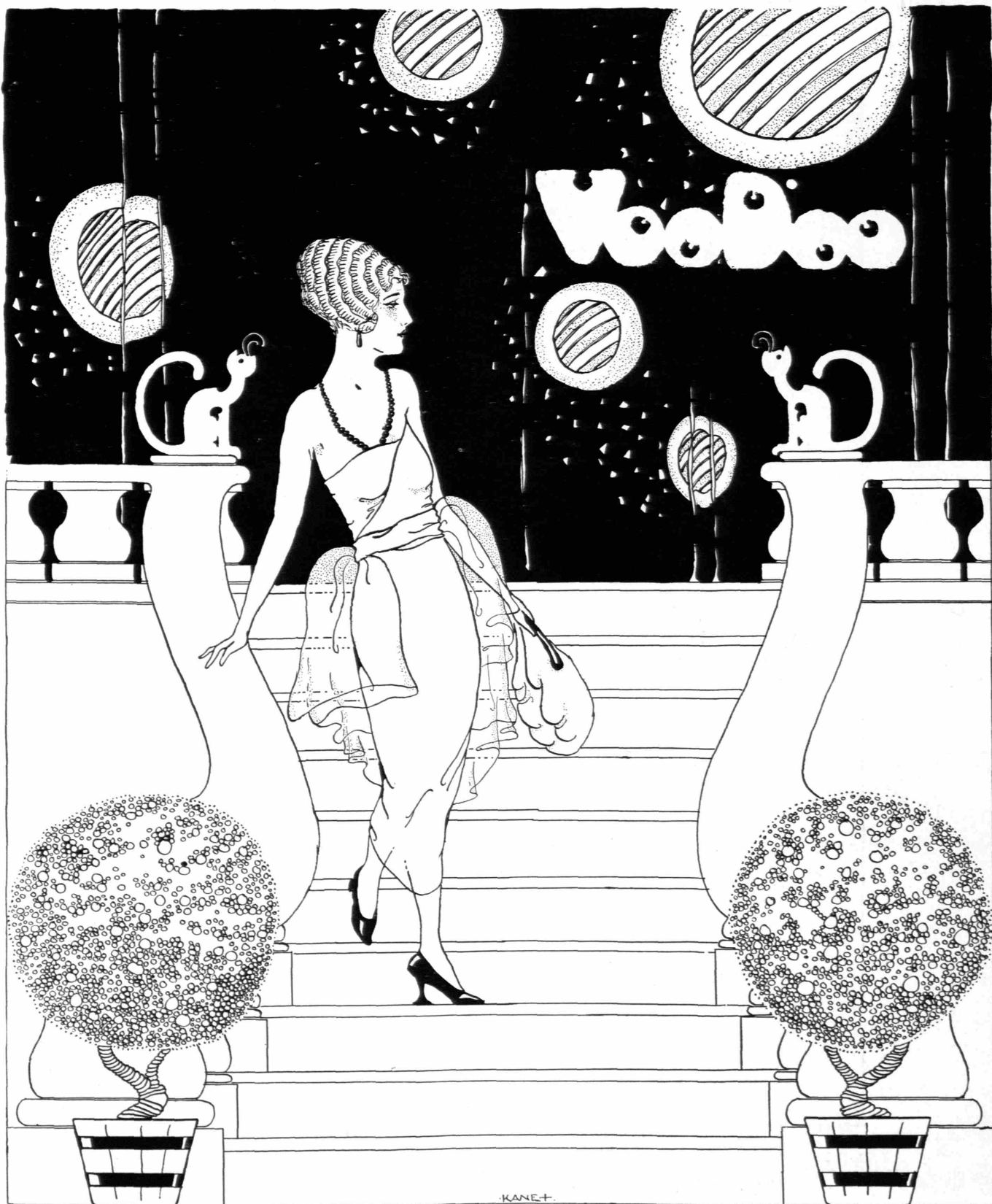
D:—"One upper and one lower."

—*Brown Jug*

"Why doesn't the lamp of learning burn more brightly in these halls of learning?"

"Dunno; there's surely enough oilcans about the hill."

—*Widow*

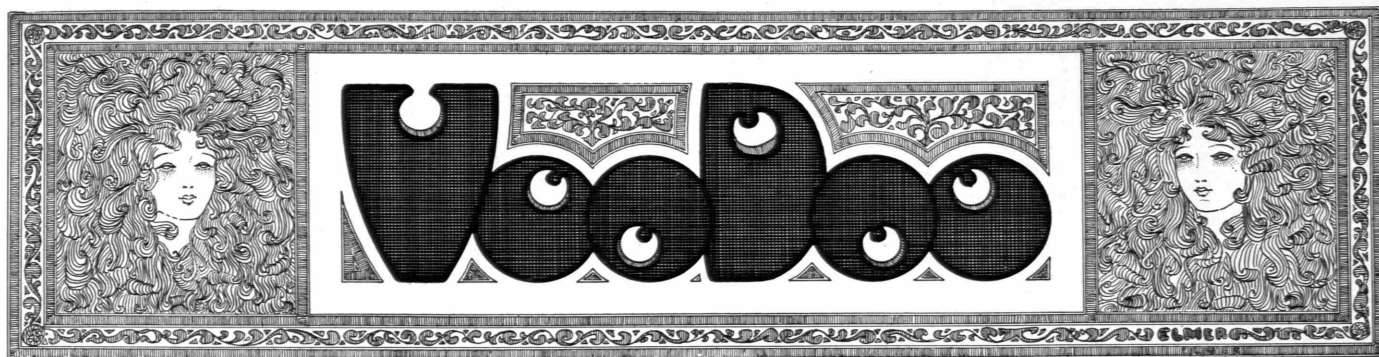




### POLLY

I once loved a girl named Polly,  
Who was ever so short, sweet, and jolly;  
I once gave her a kiss,  
Had it not been for this,  
We would both have been most melancholy.





### Rondeau

That maiden blush, so dearly shy,  
 Why doth it on her visage lie ?  
     That self-same color of her cheek  
     Has been there most of Junior Week;  
 And who may guess the reason why ?

Now should I whisper on the sly  
 And set your mind at ease, thereby ?  
     The reason for it do you seek —  
         That maiden blush ?

Observe, then, and you may espy  
 Her gown, which is both low, and high !  
     At which are darted, so to speak  
     Full many glances, long, oblique. . . .  
 Well ! I'm quite sure that *I'd*, were I  
     That maiden, blush !

### Rules For House Parties

- (1) Don't kiss the Chaperone — your girl might get jealous.
- (2) Rustle your feet and cough before passing secluded nooks.
- (3) Always take a Taxi—you might meet a chorus girl you know.
- (4) Don't pour punch on your girl's dress — it might not be hers.
- (5) By all means don't get sleepy and go into your own room by mistake.
- (6) Don't kick anybody in the hip pocket.
- (7) The chimneys are better to sleep against than the eaves.
- (8) Take your GOOD pictures off of the wall.
- (9) Drain the home brew out of the bathtub — the Chaperone might want a shower.
- (10) Write us for our ten standard excuses guaranteed to fool all matrons and Profs.

### Sayings I Hate

1. Can't you get another fellow for a friend of mine?
2. Look out for my hair net!
3. Dorothy be sure and get home early. You'll see that she is, won't you?
4. Please keep my powder for me. (They always want it at the wrong time.)
5. I think Democrats are wonderful—so idealistic!

### Her Father Made Cigars

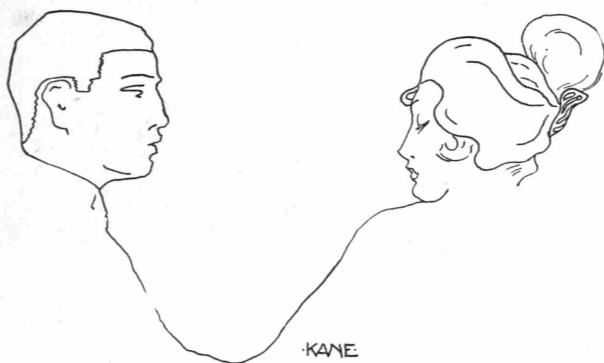
*He*:—"What shall I give my brother for Christmas?"

*She*:—"Give him a box of father's cigars."

*He*:—"Oh!—That would be a dirty trick."



*HE*:—"Did you see me put that ball right in the basket?"  
*SHE*:—"Yes, but it went right through . . . if you want me to, I'll sew a bottom on it for you."



NAT:—"Ethel has such wonderful poise."  
KAT:—"Yes, avoirdupois."

### Lines Written in a Chemical Laboratory

The wind may howl in the chimney cowl  
For all that it bothers me;  
From a fear built 'round any eerie sound  
I'm entirely, totally, free.  
Though supremely brave, I am still a slave  
To one dread fear, alas;  
I become quite ill, and my heart goes chill  
At the sound of breaking glass.

The battle's roar in the late World War  
Affected me not a whit;  
To the steely nerved (like me) it served  
As a sedative, a bit.  
I could face alone, any Boche plane's drone  
Or the dreaded alarm of "Gas!"  
But despite all this, my heartbeats miss  
At the sound of breaking glass.

I loathe that crash with a loathing pash  
For it's death to a chemist's pride  
And nothing lacks, when a beaker cracks  
To warrant his suicide.  
So you know, I think, why my spirits sink  
To a bottomless crevasse  
When my listening ear may chance to hear  
The sound of breaking glass.

P. S.

(I might further state: I was out quite late  
With a friend of spirit kin  
The other night — and our grip was tight  
On a bottle of G-rd-n's G-n.  
But the streets were wet, and I shudder yet  
When I think of what came to pass . . .  
My face went gray, and I fainted away  
At the sound of breaking glass!)

### Wine, Women, and Song

The first has gone, and I never was very musical  
so here goes on Women.

"My boy, there are only two kinds of girls now,"  
I told my friend. "There is one species that enjoys  
reading the ancients; the kind that thinks dancing  
is silly and can talk intelligently on the Irish or any  
other question. Contrasting with these are the  
senseless young flappers who wear nothing especially,  
can talk on nothing intelligently, and meet you at  
the door — with hat on and goo-loshes off — with,  
"Well, where are we going this evening?"

You can not spend your small change on the one  
because you might meet some one you knew, and  
you can not spend your small change on the other  
because she craves Road-Houses and Costly Taxis.  
Leave them all alone, my boy. You can trust neither  
brand.

"I believe you're right," said he. And he left with  
head bowed.

\* \* \* \*

I saw my friend at the Prom.

"I have met the perfect girl," he said. "I heard  
her talking with Doc. Dewey about Einstein's Theory  
of Relativity and when I called the other afternoon  
she was baking a cake in the kitchen. We intend  
to be married after the Tech show, Saturday after-  
noon. She accepted me there behind the palms."  
And he introduced me to a wee slip of a girl with  
turned up nose and dancing eyes. She did seem,  
indeed, perfect.

\* \* \* \*

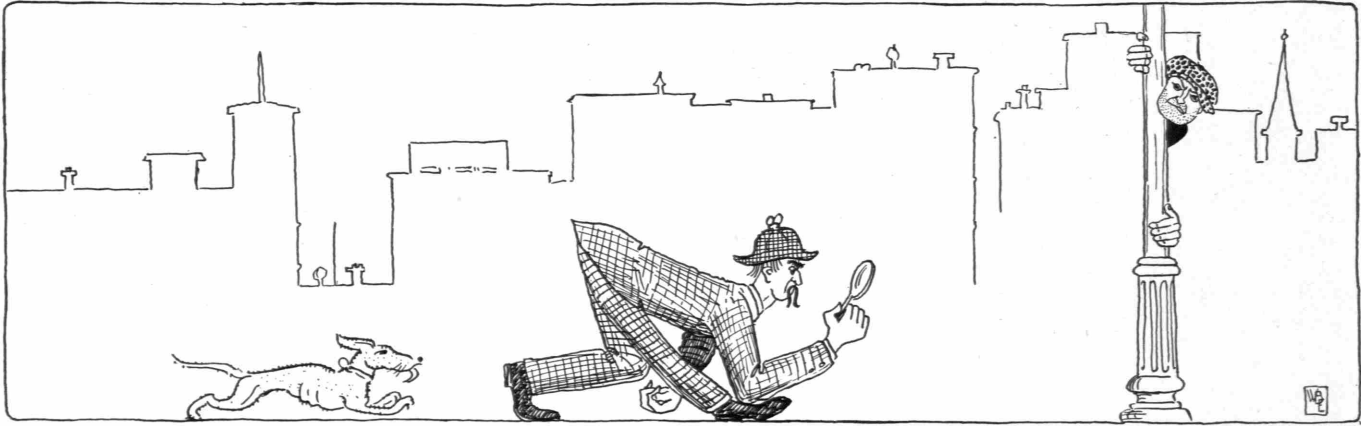
When she kissed me the fourth time behind the  
palms I knew that I could not live without her. I  
hated to seem unloyal to my friend but ah, she had  
such luscious lips — such soulful eyes, I knew she  
was true to me, and to me only. I felt as if we were  
soul-mates that had drifted through the eons together.

\* \* \* \* \*

I did not mind so much after the seventh dance  
when I saw her and a slick-haired Junior emerge  
from behind the palms — perhaps she had forgotten  
her powder puff. But when I saw her deliberately  
plant a kiss beneath the nose of an Instructor in  
Electric Lab. — I hunted up my friend and said:  
"My boy, there are only two kinds of women, be-  
ware of them both."

"I believe you are right," said he, and he left with  
head bowed.

Voila !



## THE CASE OF THE GOVERNMENT DOCUMENT

"Nutson" my companion said suddenly, "how many steps are there from the floor to our landing?"

I immediately seated myself in a deep armchair, knowing this was but a prelude to some interesting case.

"My dear Nutson, you don't observe closely enough. Did you notice the dent in the wall by the third from the last step? Did you see the dome-like cavity? Did your highly developed intellect tell you that that was the spot where Mr. Robson's head struck, when he came here two days hence to collect the rent for our quarters?"

I instantly knew that something important was to follow. I looked around the room to find a client. Not even one was visible. There were no bent pokers or loaded sticks with bloody ends. No old shoes were under the table. I peeked stealthily at the closet door.

Bedlock was observing an official looking document through a powerful lens. "Ah," said he, "the chain of reasoning is as clear as crystal. The police! the police!"

He then slowly crawled on his hands and knees over to my chair, only stopping on the way to turn out the gas. He handed me the documental paper saying "Read, read." I quickly picked up my hat, and lighted a match. Shading the match with the hat I began to read.

"By the order of the police of the United Kingdom, Bedlock Jones of ninety-nine (99) Baker Street is hereby....."

My match went out and I heard the hot whisper of Jones's breath in my ear, "Quick, quick, the

cellar door." I listened, and then could make out a heavy step on the front stairs.

"Open in the name of the Law," said a gruff voice from beyond our threshold. I waited no longer, but followed Jones's advice, meeting him in the alley. We both shook hands heartily at our narrow escape. Then we hastened to the Public Library, where, after settling ourselves comfortably, he handed me the document. "By the order of the police of the United Kingdom, Bedlock Jones of ninety-nine (99) Baker Street is hereby summoned to appear before the "Court" on the 9th day of April in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred nineteen against a charge of assault and battery and non-payment of rent. Charges made by Mr. I. Robson."

How did you know it was the police, I asked in a low whisper of the genius.

"Deduction, my dear Nutson," said he. "Today is the 10th day of April. I was not in court yesterday. My brains told me a cop would come for me soon. While you were reading I heard the black cat that sleeps on the eighth step from our landing, squeak. Two days ago a two hundred and eighty pound case fell on her tail and she did not squeak. To make her squeak the thing that got on her tail must have tipped the scales at more than two hundred and eighty pounds. The only thing that weighs more than two hundred and eighty pounds and could climb our stairs is policeman Moriarty. Immediately, I knew it was he by this simple series of deduction."

"Wonderful," I cried, "Where shall we sleep to-night?"



OFF-STAGE VOICE:—"Daughter, Daughter, Isn't that young man gone yet?"  
DAUGHTER:—"No, father, but I've got him going."



### Our Own Theatrical Reviews "Way Down East"

#### I

Midnight  
An overworked wind machine  
Blowing quantities  
Of chill  
Asbestos snow about.  
The wind blows. . . .  
The gentleman in the orchestra pit gesticulates wildly.  
He thinks he is Agide Jacchia,  
But just between you and me  
He isn't.

#### II

Waterfalls.  
Peonies, peonies,  
And moreover,  
The fair green-gold of summer-time. . . . .  
The honest farmer boy with the glistening locks  
And the Ritz-Carleton manners;  
Lillian of the wistful mouth  
And the pathetic eyes  
And the spun-gold aureole. . . . .

#### III

Mock weddings.  
I thought they gave those up long ago,  
Along with bustles and pink tights;  
Divorces are so easy nowadays, my dear! . . . . .  
Ha! ha!  
See the Professor chase the pretty butterflies.  
I bet Lillian wishes she was chased, too.

#### IV

Well!  
It must have taken them a long time  
To get all those pieces of ice  
Sawed up so nice and square.  
Don't you love to play tag on ice cakes?  
But suppose  
The center of curvature of those falls  
Had been different!

#### V

It was so you that wanted to come!  
How  
Did you expect me to know the seats were two  
berries. . . ?  
The chairs were good and deep though. . . .  
Get away with murder!  
Absolutely, old bean!  
Sa—ay! when she saw Lillian in that. . . . .  
Sure! I could have,  
But I hated to take advantage of her innocence. . . .  
You know how it is in a big city.

### Our Own Unexpurgated Dictionary

Alcohol: A preservative for everything except secrets. (See Volstead.)

Beer: A beverage composed of percentages, malt and hops. May be either lager or logarithm.

Soul-Mate: See O'Sullivan.

Pajamas: A two-cylinder night gown.

Age: (a) The thing that makes good whiskey.

(b) The thing that makes good liars.

Course XV: Technology's Harvard Course.

Faculty Votes: The only votes Harding didn't get.

Chemistry: A brand new suit.



A rag, a bone, and a hank of hair  
And you expected a queen.  
Now I ask you, ain't it always the way  
With a date that's sight unseen.

I entered a restaurant and asked for soup  
The waitress was young but a terrible goop  
Plato, Plato, Plato—what,  
This looks like an oyster but I guess it's not.



Moving Picture Stars.



The kind of girl you want to dance with the worst way.

### Easier in Korea

In Korea if a man meets his wife on the street he ignores her and passes as if she were a stranger.

Other men elsewhere have tried this from time to time without success.

*First Particle of Dust:*—"Hasn't it been a busy, windy day."

*Second Ditto:*—"Yes, the crowds of men near my corner kept me in the eyes of the public, too."



An Engaging Situation.

### Chorus of Vacationing Tech Studes

(The memory of the late Sir William S. Gilbert is apologized to.)

\* \* \*

When thoroughly tired  
Of being required  
To slave for a science degree — degree,  
With chemistry sated  
And physics inflated  
Away from our studies we flee — we flee !

From Thermodynamics  
Or Glass-and-Ceramics  
To thought of vacation  
Brings wildest elation.  
So come, Amaryllis  
Come, Chloë and Phyllis  
Your slaves at the Copley are we !

### That's The Spirit

We're planning to go to the Junior Prom,  
My wonderful girl and I.  
I hope that she feels the spring everywhere,  
I trust she is hearing the cry.

I hope that she's happy and careless and free,  
I hope for that delicate air,  
I hope that her head is all in a whirl  
With her feet dancing tunes light and fair.

I'm writing this "pome" in an Ec. 60 class  
But look forward to happier times,  
When my wonderful girl is with me again  
And we're acting, not writing, our rhymes.

Here's to the girl in the one-piece suit,  
Dripping from the sea;  
Who sits or stands on the hot sea sands,  
In front of you and me.



WELL?

## TECHNOLOGY CREDO

*(With apologies to Menken & Nathan, subtle satirists  
and clever critics of American life.)*

That if you study the night before exams you will invariably flunk.

That a Tech professor has never seen a burlesque show.

That a Tech professor takes in all the burlesques in town.

That a bricklayer earns more money than a Tech graduate.

That if you cut a class the professor will surely call the roll that day.

That if you sit among the grinds and look wise when a question is asked, the professor thinks you know the answer and won't bother asking you.

That a professor who proves something by basing his reasoning on a hypothesis and supporting his argument by lab-table experiments, is trying to put something over on you.

That a man who goes to Tech hasn't got time for anything but study.

That the minute a man graduates from Tech he is offered a \$10,000 job.

That there isn't a good looking Radcliff girl.

That a professor's idea of fun is to sit up late thinking unanswerable problems and hard quizzes to spring on helpless students.

That when a professor asks you a question he expects you won't know the answer, and is awfully disappointed if you do.

That if you ask something the professor doesn't know, he will give you a line of drool with technical terms galore, refer to advanced theories and your insufficient preparation to discuss the subject.

That Tech is the hardest school in the whole U. S. and hence in the whole world.

That there isn't a real joke in Voo Doo and that the funny ones that aren't plainly cribbed from other papers can be found in *Life* or *Judge* dated 1890 or earlier.

That the crowd that hangs around Walker hasn't any other place to go.

That members of the T. C. A. have worse reputations than ministers' sons.

That none of the activities managements need a stenographer but keep one—well.

That nobody ever had a good time at a smoker.

That most men who display a slide rule, ostensibly emerging from their hip pocket, can't work it.

That the Dean, through some mysterious channels, learns how you spend your time, and keeps minute and complete records of every Tech man's most intimate thoughts and actions, from the time he gets out of bed in the morning, to the time he goes to bed in the evening.

That if the Professors gave only F's instead of double F's, the Registrar would save two barrels of ink a term.

That all students of Architecture wear wild painted smocks, spats and long hair, eat marmalade and chocolate eclairs for dinner, lady fingers for supper, and a charlotte russe for breakfast. Live in a studio, and make fudge better than a Conservatory girl.

That triple E is the hardest course in the Institute.

That prohibition has crowded the medical schools so, that very soon two thirds of the population of the U. S. will be M. D.'s and therefore able to write out prescriptions.

That course XV is the course to get a degree in, when you can't get it in any other.

That "I" could have played "That part" in the Tech Show better than it was played, had "I" only Cared to go out for it.

That all co-eds smoke, tell naughty stories, and raise merry hell, when all alone in the girl's room.

That fellows who take Chemistry can't get a joke, unless it is explained to them twice.

That Harvard Bridge is in such condition, that it will fall into the Charles any minute.

That 99  $\frac{44}{100}$  % of the students at Tech are commuters and go home every day, some as far as Chicago.

That the fellow who sits next to you in lectures and spills the line about "wild dames" wouldn't say Boo! to a flapper, if left alone with a real flesh and bone one.

That you can tell an instructor by his dyspeptic looks.

That a man who owns a machine and tries to get through Tech has the chance of the proverbial snow-ball.

That the fellows with the bone glasses who sit in the front row during recitations, know all about it.



THE ARTIST (carelessly):—"What size shoe do you wear, dear?"  
THE GIRL (ditto):—"Well, four is my size, but I wear sevens because fours hurt my feet so."



# Takahoma Talks

N. I. T.  
Cmbge., Msts.

Hon. Ed. Hoo Doo,  
Dear Sir or Madamn:—

Now that Junior Weak are about to take rip, I write to you to ask for spread of warning among ingredience. If average student knu true startus of affairs, maybe so he would think 3 or 2 times. First come helva job of obviating girl. It make necessary to disrupt catalogs of several Colleges and Finnish schools for yung women and argify and tell goldfish storys to get girl. After having write severial potent letters of gush plus invite, girl's accent is recove and it become umportant to write to Hon. parent for 2000 yen to buy new slipstuck and numberus other things, with flexible on the numberus. Then along come Jun. Wk.

First off are TNT. Rush. It resemble congranulation party of man with ½ pt. or maybe monky londry in hurrikane. One are declined to embark, "Throw the Hon. meat on the floor." Maybe the nite of same day, Forging Clubs stage Spring Yell at Ht. Somersalt. This must be execute in open face shirt and swallow tail. Should it be so that victum have enuff piastre, he may taxich home in time to oxidize a few snore. Not knowing present disorder of Jun. Wk. it become umpossible for me to confiscate what come next, butt victum must be prepared to pay out the yen quite Horace Fordly. The only thing which are free are Tea Jazz in Walkover. This are entended by Brown Bag Soc. in toto and motion picture rights should be reserved. During some time on calendar, at nearby houseplay, are seriously pulled off Teck Show. Cast is decomposed of men with hysteric ambitions and korus and ballet are bot at Raymond's. Singing are very expressionate and sound like saw striking nails or chissel on emery wheel. Most of comedy takes place behind scenes and should be very humurus. Butt Hon. student shouldn't stop here. That most magnolius of events are yet to oscillate. The Junior Plumonade at the Cupley Piazza are most umportant convent of season. Preparation for this make painful and give think of sardines in cans. For man, it take about one hour and two dictionarys. It are very aggregating to tie beau tie around thum 7 times out of 6 tries, and oftenly it requisite french talk to get into collar. For girl, it take 4.2819 hours and 3 hellpers. Hook-up of girl are very extrikate and need strategy and india rubber exposition. Girl are constantly ready in 1 minute which are 2 hrs. long. After temp. have

been severally fried and reach boiling pint, girl make experience. All are violins of cherubums. Having arrove at scenario, noise from 15 peice ostrich, which sound familiar to raspberry canning plant, make effect to drive away loaded melancholic. While dance with own girl all are bliss. Others give sinksation of pushing loaded wheelbarrow up steep incline, or mebbe two left feet. Inconveniently they have refreshments which incline one to offer prayr for poor sailors. Then more danse and finaly end are come. and Jun. Wk have made passby.

With above horribul facts starring him in face, cann it be umpossible for ave. student to negligee expence and waist of time to go?\* Once more do I ask you to kum to aid of ignorance.

Yrs. truly,  
Takahoma Koko.



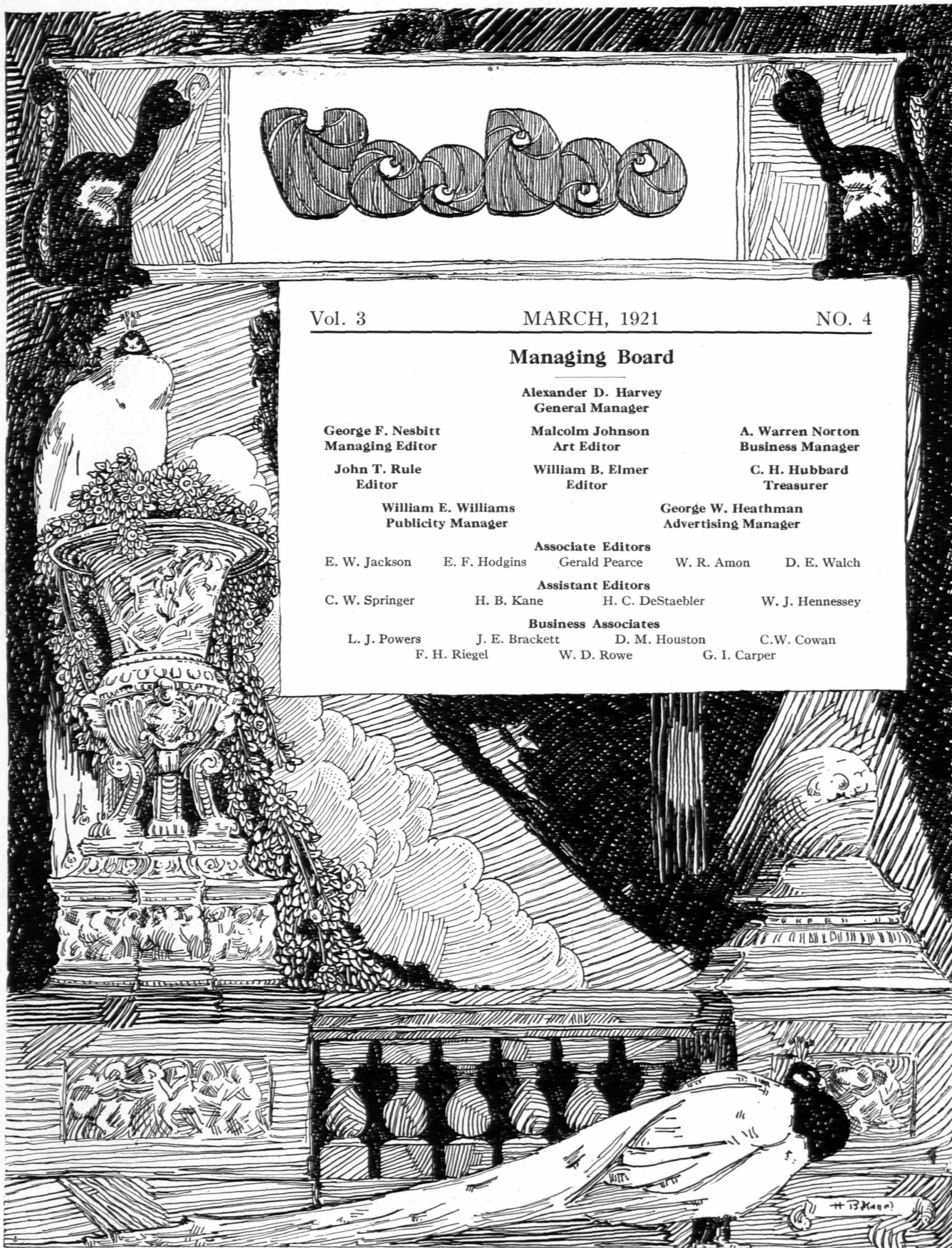
A friend of mine,  
One Billy Jones,  
Was working with some dynamite,  
A-blasting out some stones.

The dynamite exploded—  
The cause I cannot say—  
Poor Billy Jones was scattered  
Full twenty miles away.

From Billy's cash they saved a bit—  
The rest went to his nieces—  
And put a tombstone on the spot,  
"Long May He Rest In Pieces."



Interesting If True



Vol. 3

MARCH, 1921

NO. 4

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HE minutiae of it have been carefully guarded, and the exact participants remain undiscovered, yet it is known that a small domestic spat occurred to mar the serenity in the East Lounge of Walker, not so long ago. Someone had a dispute over something with someone else (pardon our slight vagueness on details), and chose as weapons for the defense of his honor, chess-men at thirty yards. Apparently, the contest was waged with the precision of a French Duel, for although it did not result in loss of life (and Phosphorus has heard a few expressions of disappointment at this), it did result in the ruin of a lighting fixture, highly valued. News of the catastrophe came out next day, the Tech referred in its deepest editorial tones to the Unfortunate Incident, and Jove himself thundered, using his bolts to lock the Lounges at 5.30 p. m., daily, henceforth.

Ah, well, Phosphorus could have predicted all this long ago, had someone but asked him. He has many times now been witness — and who has not? — to those minor bursts of the mania which seems to attack members of the chess-playing brotherhood. Deep peace, brooding over all Technology, is suddenly shattered by its vicious attack. Shouts, bellowings, shrieks, pounding of tables, backs, chairs — general and devastating pandemonium. Someone has captured a pawn. On this basis, it becomes easy to predict that the loss of a bishop would doom the chandeliers, and the capture of a rook bring about the reduction of the grand piano through kindling to wood pulp. . . . Chess is a good game, but by all the signs, it is overstimulating to Tech students.



LOWLY but surely there is growing up among Technology undergraduates an interest in their college. Not an interest in her curriculum for that has never been lacking and needs no encouragement to grow; but an interest in her teams; in her athletic representation among other colleges. Two men were heard discussing hockey future and the season dope the other day instead of holding a post mortem on a mutual quizz. It is a good sign. It betokens the advent of a natural and healthy interest which has been repressed hitherto.

There is no danger that athletics will ever overshadow the college's prime purpose. Those shortsighted people who fear this fail to appreciate that, in the very nature of things, a college with the courses that this college has will not allow a man to devote too much of his time to outside interests. They furthermore fail to appreciate that the main value of an education such as Technology gives is lacking when the men turned out by it are not broad enough to make use of its advantages. These points have been harped on until they have become trite, but in the harping good has been done though much remains still to be done. Technology is not trying to turn out scientists; she is trying to turn out engineers. Anything that will broaden an engineer into a man among men is something worth thinking about.

But, to return to the point, we have criticised; we do not retract that criticism. We do, however, commend the M. I. T. A. A. and the T. A. C. for the work they have been doing this winter, for we know that it is for the best interest of Technology to foster and to force, if necessary, her undergraduates to get into any game and every game that will make them, or help make them, all-round engineers who can use calculus and tact with equal ease; who can handle machines and men with equal facility.



HOSPHORUS is nothing if not chivalrous. Recently some of our more or less valued fellow-institutions have been tremendously exercised over the influence wielded in campus life by the fair ones and some cruel words have been said which Phosphorus grieved to hear. At Brown it seems a trace of blue found its way into undergraduate expression in the form of a righteous protest against the "petting party" which the editorial staff of the Brown "Hearld" suddenly brought to light, figuratively speaking.

The morals of the coming generation as reflected on the campus, were all shot to pieces and there was much to view with alarm. The damsels were a menace. Soon the noise of battle penetrated even to Morning-side Heights and the Columbia "Spectator" came out with quite a mass of statistics to prove that it wasn't so at all. The controversy became positively international in its aspects; it even got into "The Tech."

This may be all very well, but it is not particularly good manners, Phosphorus gently urges. A college undergraduate elsewhere than at Tech really has never enough to do and is thus never happy unless he is conducting a tremendous agitation for or against something or other. This time the subject happened to be women. Well, well let us be moderate. Turn about is fair play. There may be some who believe that the ladies' presence does not enhance the classroom but you will have to admit that there would not be much to a Junior Prom without them.





Ye First Prom.



### May They R. I. P.

In the good old days of Gorgons and Ogres, Fairy Princesses and what-not it is said that a Knight would die happily in the lists if only he had some fair ladye's glove tucked next to his heart. But the women — my it must have been a loveless race, for the difficulties undoubtedly were many. They tell me that castles were few and far between, that travel was difficult and that it was dangerous to be about after dark. Well, for the sake of romance, consider that our heroine is a beauteous maiden — the kind that flickers on the silver sheet nowadays, that takes two or three deep sighs and falls back into any two masculine arms with lips outstanding and eyes expressed (I get a bit mixed up imagining such a girl).

Enter a knight. He probably is a bit weather-beaten and battle-scarred but he's a he any way. So when it gets dark, Olga, the girl, leads him up to the tower room, draws the tapestries and parks on some luscious bear-rugs or such. One can easily imagine what ought to happen. But I leave it to you — wouldn't a stranger Knight have a terrible crust to start unbolting his armor — and goodness knows the temperature of steel is not inducive to the birth of the lyrical emotions, as it were.

I believe I'd rather take a chance on a bit of rouge on my lapel than a rust spot on my shoulder. A lot of other things spring to my mind — but far be it from me to cast reflections on the good old days of Ogres and what-not.



### That House Party Girl

Pragmatically speaking  
Of aggregate gains  
The best girl to take  
Is the girl without brains.

If you must take a wise one  
With brains — 'tis a fact: —  
You're bound to get stalled  
In philosophy's tract.

And furthermore, wise ones  
Know nothing of love,  
Of billing and cooing,  
Of stars up above.

And don't take a fast one —  
She'll worry you sick,  
She'll vamp all the others  
And call you a hick.

Beware of the beauty,  
Although she's a peach,  
For you'll find that the stags  
Keep her out of your reach.

And don't take a gusher,  
No matter how sweet  
Though much we may love 'em  
*Too* much is no treat.

But is she is brainless  
Her speed is just right  
She'll love just enough  
(And the brainless don't fight.)

Pragmatically speaking  
Of aggregate gains  
The best girl to take  
Is the girl without brains.

### History of the Club Sandwich

Men have come and men have gone, but the mystery of the correct method of eating a club sandwich still remains a lost secret. It was the custom with the cave-dwellers to suspend the morsels from trees and, after making a successful flying leap, to devour them whole. In the course of social events in the third century B. C. this method was found unbecoming to table manners and was accordingly abandoned. In the reign of Cleopatra a highly efficient method was developed, so they say. The records of this were carried to Rome by Mark Antony where they were destroyed in the great fire of Nero's days. Since then, no method worthy of note has been evolved.

Perhaps few of us realize the importance of this question. More broken engagements and divorces have resulted from the abuse of club sandwiches at parties than from the shimmie dance or from mixed bathing at Newport.

Fortunately for humanity the National Club Sandwich Makers Union has applied for two new and ingenious patents for club sandwich consumption. The first patent is to split the sandwich between courses, as the lettuce and tomato part for salad, toast with coffee, cigars after the meal, etc. The other patent was invented by a Bolshevik soap manufacturer and consists of a fluid which is poured over the sandwich. This fluid reacts with the mayonnaise dressing, forming an adhesive mixture which can be used to stick the sandwich to the plate, thereby making the assimilating process comparatively easy. These two patents should revolutionize the industry and put us once more on a footing with the ancients.

On the beach in Oklahoma  
 Was a cottage by the sea,  
 She is resting now, my darling,  
 (She had water on the knee).  
 Now forty years have waxed and waned;  
 Dear me! How time does travel,  
 She rests in peace and solitude—  
 She sleeps beneath the gravel.

*Flapper*:—"Did you notice that Johnny Smith  
 bumped into me at least six times during that last  
 dance?"

*Sophisticated One*:—"Well, perhaps that's his idea  
 of the way to make an impression."

Oswald:—"What is the most you ever got out of  
 your car?"

Theobald:—"Oh, about seven times in one block,  
 I think."

### Disillusionment

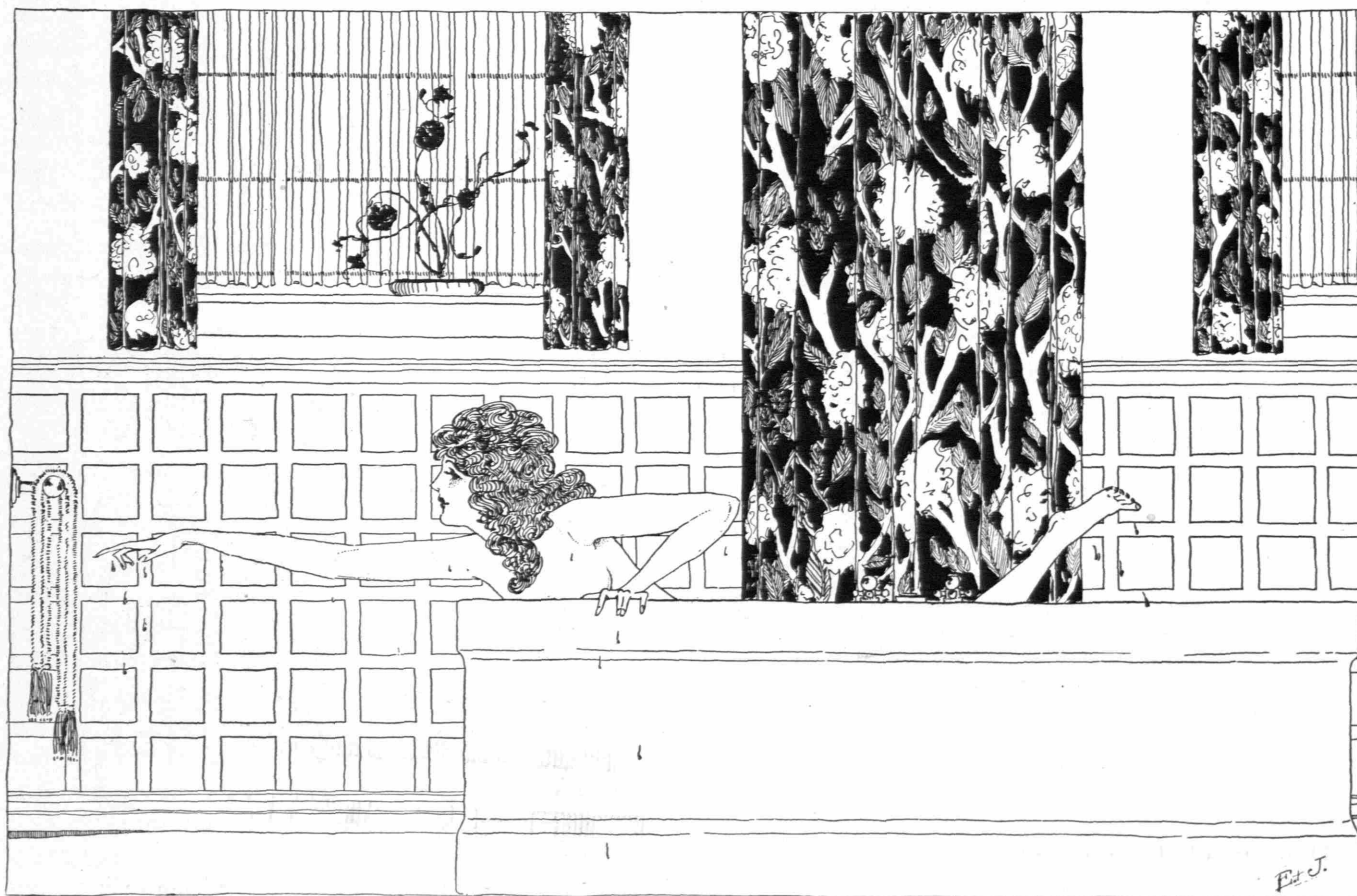
I glimpsed you in the passing throng  
 (I glimpsed your back, that is to say)  
 And thought that I had never seen  
 So sweet a maid, until that day.



A dainty hat, of bright design  
 Crowning a lovely, amber head;  
 A cloak of silver, blue and gray  
 Sloping from shoulders spirited.



A girdle round a slender waist —  
 Lord ! what a prize I thought I'd found.  
 I *might* have loved you all my days . . .  
 Darn it! why did you turn around?



SHAKESPEARE:—"Ay, there's the rub."



How a sensitive young man feels when dancing with one of these new-fangled hair-dressings.

### Perhaps She Went to Smith

Of course I had met her before. At last year's Prom with some dub — I forget who. So summoning up my courage I write and ask her to the Prom. Will she come? You bet your life she will. And furthermore to make sure that I'll recognize her she'll wear a rose, a red rose, and will meet me in the hotel lobby — with mother — only don't let mother know the purpose of the rose.

She came and we went and Junior week was perfect — except probably for a few others who tried to vamp her — to keep me guessing she encouraged them a bit but I didn't mind that.

There followed a lengthy correspondence, one of these "Daily Letter" affairs, with crosses at the end of each letter, until May, when she suddenly seemed to be growing cold. Finally, Mother stepped in and prohibited our correspondence entirely.

There followed a short note asking would I kindly return her letters and her picture, ye Gods, her picture, after I had fought for three months to get it and had never succeeded she wanted back what I didn't have!

Did I fix it? I did. I got twelve of my sisters best photos and sent them to her sayings:

"I can't remember which of these is yours — pick it out for yourself and throw the rest away!"

"Hang it all, I can't get any traction here," said the oiseau driving the twin-six as he skidded past the two good little flappers.

### The Maid from Athabaska

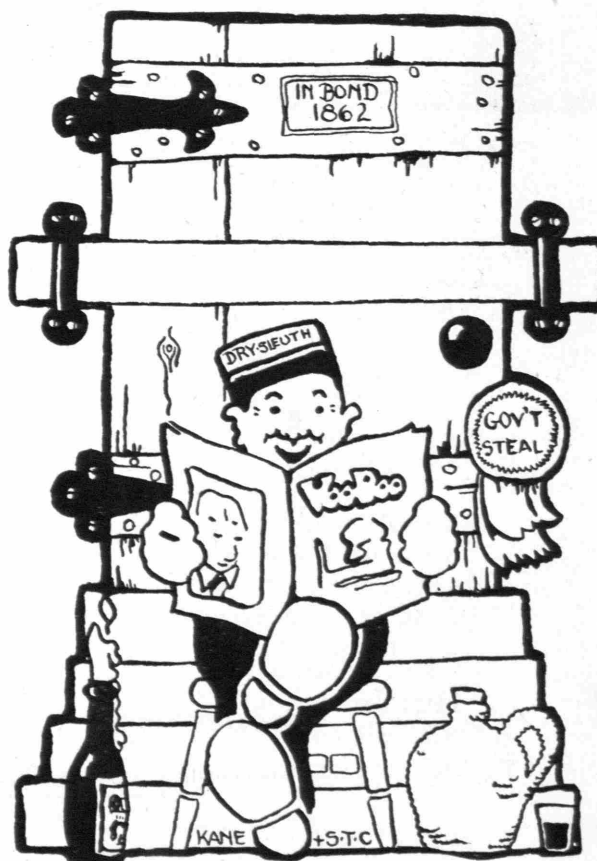
She was the Maid from Athabaska,  
And was never known to rue it;  
She loved her luscious hic haec hoc,  
And didn't care who knew it.

She hadn't any family tree,  
She knew not how to blush —  
She roamed the streets, she danced at joints,  
Ate corned beef hash and mush.

She feared not devil, man, or god,  
She'd do anything at all;  
From shooting craps to murder,  
And was never known to stall.

She was the Maid from Athabaska,  
And she didn't care who knew it.  
But —  
When asked to go to a shady show,  
She was too proud to do it!

A crank is a man who gets the idea he is the whole machine. An eccentric, on the other hand, merely thinks he is a crank.



"You tell 'em officer, you've got the best cellar."



### Poor Little Trulya

Trulya Davina  
 Sweet little thing  
 Carefully raised 'neath  
 A fond mother's wing  
 Watchfully guided,  
 Schooled in the home  
 Never beyond its  
 Fair portals she'd roam  
 Reading from Walter  
 Scott and from Dickens  
 Washing the dishes and  
 Feeding the chickens.  
 Trulya Davina,  
 Prim and demure,  
 Trulya will be an old  
 Spinster for sure.



### Humorous Anecdote

*Dramatis personae*  
 Minister  
 Gentleman (colored)  
 Lady (ditto)

#### Argument

*Prospective bride and groom are not known to the minister and so, to perform the ceremony conscientiously, he asks a lot of questions. The man, he learned, had come recently from the South and was working in a hotel in town where his desired bride was a waitress. The following conversation ensues:*

#### Dialogue—

"Have you been married before?"

"Yas, sah."

"Wife living?"

"Yas, sah."

"Where is she?"

"Down South, sah."

"Why doesn't she live with you?"

"Well, sah, she lef' me."

"Why did she leave you?"

"Don't rightly know, sah. I was away when she lef'."



COURSE X:—"How do you make Ethylene?"  
 DITTO WIT:—"Feed her at Walton's."





SHE (gushingly):—"Don't you think that talkative women are the most popular?"  
HE (wearily):—"What other kinds are there?"



A Plane of Scimetry.

### ICEBURGS

#### *A Tale of Agony*

It is only a week from the night of the Prom. It is turning springtime, and the trees are turning green. The birds are singing and each night the moon drifts over the basin larger and mellow than on the previous night — giving promise of the perfection that only a full moon can give on that night of nights, just a week away. Can you blame me when I say that all my youthful fancies are lightly turning to the proverbial thoughts of love?

But, woe is unto me, my fairest flowers are going with other Romeos, my slate of possibilities is wiped clean with no girl in sight. But wait. Didn't my roommate say that he had an extra one? Didn't he guarantee that she would be the best looking girl on the floor, and isn't his word about girls as good as gold? Furthermore, wasn't the picture he showed me enough to take away the breath of even a King?

I'll take her. No girl with such a picture could fail to appreciate such events, and such a moon, or to be just a wee bit sentimental and responsive to the call of spring.

Oh, Boy! She came, and as she got off the train I knew that I had picked a Queen of Queens, a flower amongst weeds. She seems to say very little and feel less, but perhaps that is only a natural shyness at first — perhaps.

The fateful night comes, and the twelfth dance

comes. Up to this time I have seen very little of her so I sneak her out of the swirling mass and make a bee-line for the Esplanade. The moon, perfect in color and majesty, hangs, dripping, over the basin. The lights on the bridge, the aroma of my cigar and her presence near me, all enhance by their sensitive appeal my feeling of sublime happiness.

"Isn't it wonderful," I say.

"Yes."

"And doesn't the spring in the air and the soft rustling of the leaves make you feel like the two of us could conquer the world?" (That ought to move her).

"Yes."

"And the smoke of my cigar floating lazily before me makes the path of the moonbeams out there on the water seem like the road that brings happiness to us?" (Could any normal girl resist that line).

"Yes."

"The lights of the bridge and the gentle swish of the waves, don't they make you feel a wee bit sentimental?" (That ought to get her completely.)

"Yes."

So I gently slip my arm around her. But does she cuddle near, does she show any responsiveness, does she whisper sweet nothings? She does not.

(In desperation I try a direct attack.)

"Don't you think you could like me just a little bit? Please do, it will help." (Could any *human* being hold back?)

"Oh, yes, I suppose so, let's go home, I'm getting cold." And she got up and started walking away!

Did I follow her? You guessed it, I did not. But as she passed a solitary policeman a few yards away, I shouted:

"Shove her off the dock, she'll float."



May I see the thinnest thing you have in silk hosiery. I'm very sorry, sir, she's out to lunch.

## TRAUMEREI

Blossoms of wistaria swooned in the languor of the star-lit, perfumed night. Out of the velvet gloom there came faintly the murmur of a far off waterfall; the veriest wisp of a breeze stirred the tree-tops — elsewhere there was silence in the darkness. On the sleepy waters of the lagoon floated a few half-blown lotus blossoms, glowing frail and white against the blackness, filling the air with their intangible, evanescent sweetness. Overhead, the spaces of the sky . . .

They were alone, and it was summer.

"Darling," he breathed, "will you always love me?"

"Always, my beloved," came her answer, whispered softly.

"And we shall live, for ever and ever as one soul . . . one heart?"

"Forever, oh my beloved!"

"Then, . . . kiss me . . . to bind the seal!"

"To . . . bind . . . the . . . seal . . . . .!"

A noise in the underbrush by the lakeside, the noise of a canoe, dragged up upon a pebbled beach.

"Oh!" cried the woman, and clutched at the man in sudden fear.

"Fear not, my Dolores! I shall protect you!"

"Oh, but can't you hear, can't you hear. . . .?"

"Yes! What is it?"

"A man!"

"Who?"

"My husband!"

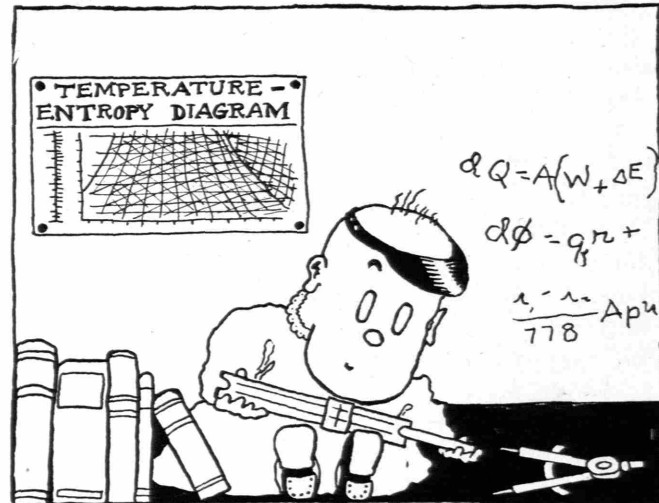
Suddenly there grated out a man's voice, harsh and rasping, to shatter the blissful peace of their island refuge.

"Blankety-blank the etaoins shrdlu . . . ."

And then they turned up the Cooper-Hewitts, and shut off the faucet that had been trickling in the next room, and disconnected the electric fan that had been busy stirring the tree-tops; and the property man began to pick up the lotus blossoms, and remove the velvet gloom from its hooks. But the camera man continued to voice his distress to the sympathetic atmosphere, because, you see, he had forgotten to put any film in his camera, that time, and now they'll have to do that same scene all over again, and the wistaria blossoms will have to swoon once more, and it's all not going to please the director, who doesn't know about it yet, very much, nor anything like that, but oh, well! . . . . .

Blossoms of wistaria swooned in the languor of the star-lit, perfumed night. Out of the velvet gloom —

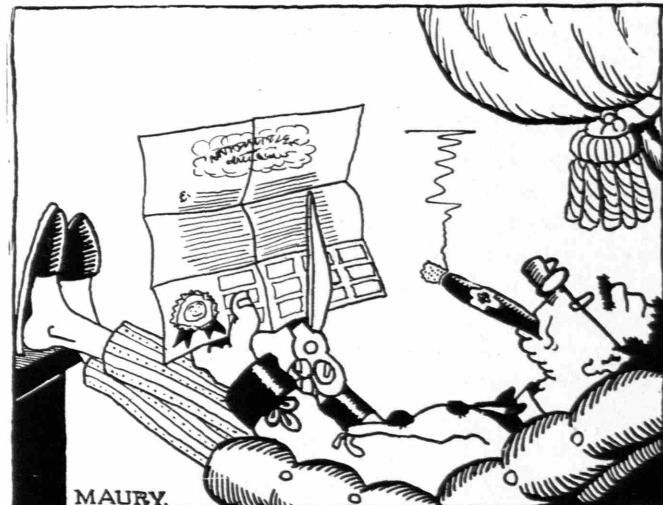
(See top of page.)



Cavendish Entropy Coulomb McSoph

Was born with the brain of an Institute prof.  
At the age when most kids are just learning to crawl  
He solved heat equations all over the wall.

He did all his thinking in farads and dynes  
And soon became one of the world's greatest grinds.  
He came to the 'Stute and did six years in four  
And wept since he couldn't absorb any more.



Activities he wouldn't waste his great brain in —  
He even got out of Frosh Physical Training.  
But as one great debauch he decided to come  
His very last year to the wild Junior Prom . . .

He looked like a plumber and danced like a sheep  
But the dames flocked around him because he was deep.  
He picked him a queen with a carload of jack . . .  
And now he clips coupons all day, on his back.

Yes, work is what we all enjoy  
As earnestly we view it,  
Especially when some other boy  
Can show us how to do it.

*Editor's Note:—The poem below slipped into our copy basket from some mysterious source. The sentiment expressed has aroused our curiosity so much that we have decided to try it on you and watch the result.*

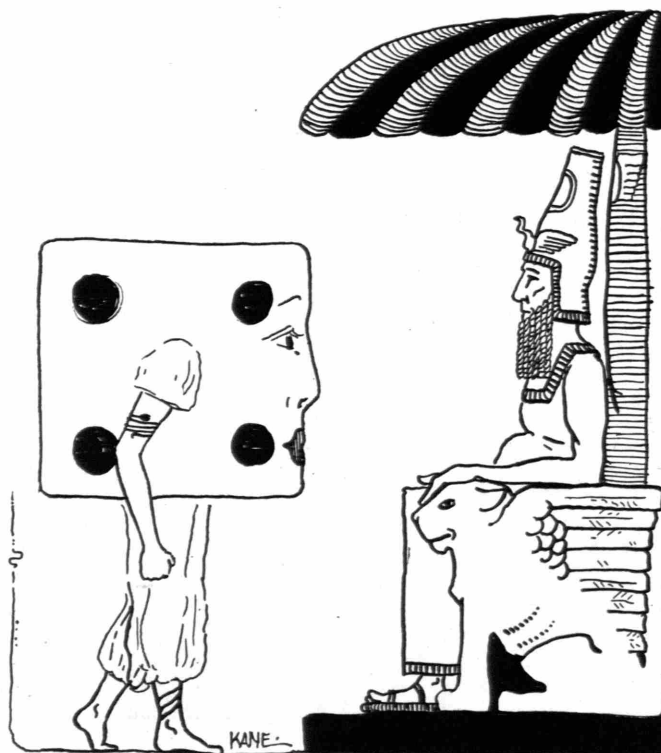
### Ye Foolish Virgin Journeyeth to Wellesley

One day a Foolish Virgin from the West  
To Wellesley journeyed, there to spend four years  
Acquiring knowledge—God knows why!—the best  
That Boston offers to this vale of tears.  
With deep misgivings and a doubting heart  
She came upon the campus—lovely place!  
It seemed forever from the world she'd part,  
For from the gates this stared her in the face:  
"Abandon hope, all ye who enter here!  
Bid Youth good-bye,—to beauty say farewell;  
To crush originality, 'tis clear,  
Our duty is. Now toll its parting knell.  
If you a Wellesley girl would soon become,  
Wear spectacles and quickly learn to ride  
A bicycle, and when the week is done,  
The library must find you safe inside.  
Beware of Man—his every thought is ill!  
An influence insidious he'll wield.  
He'll even take you for a walk, until  
Your shy young heart has far been led a field.  
To save you from his ever-present guile  
You'll find an iron set of rules laid down:  
He cannot take you farther than a mile—  
(There's nothing wrong to do *inside* this town)  
Don't take him near the lake—they say canoes  
Were made for love, and such is not for thee.  
Be strictly sanitary and refuse  
To kiss him,—that would sacrilegious be!" . . .  
And on she read, but saw she liked it not.  
Nine forty-five, she found, had long been set  
For bedtime—and a darned unhappy lot  
Was hers who didn't heed the veiled threat.  
With fear and trembling she began the year  
And chafed at rules and dull monotony.  
The pleasures of the city were so near,  
But not considered fit for such as she.  
Avoiding regulations was a sport  
That gave relief from study's noisome grind,  
And themes pro-Bolshevistic made a port  
For Youth's enthusiastic dream-ships, mined  
And laced with nets of dark, rebellious thought.  
For to the staid, unlovely maiden prof  
Thoughts other than the dry old stuff she taught  
Were like a discord to Rachmaninoff.  
The Foolish Virgin chafed at discipline:  
House Mothers were her vilest enemies—  
So many ways there proved to be wherein

She pleased them not, and few in which to please.  
Examination time drew near at last.  
She burned the Midnight Oil, but all in vain—  
They said there wasn't anything she passed,  
(Such cut-and-dried stuff skidded from her brain)  
With mingled feelings—joy, and *some* regret—  
She packed her trunk and quickly went away.  
They say her room mate's staying on there yet—  
Take pity, Lord, on such as she, we pray!

And so the Foolish Virgin journeyed home.  
Life, Love, and the Pursuit of Happiness  
Were hers to take wherever she might roam,  
In place of Wellesley's prison-like duress.

Take heed, you others who would thither go!  
You may depart "far from the madding crowd,"  
But life in such a place will prove too slow—  
You'd better go to h—(hush! Don't speak so loud!)



We are told that Solomon's wives were numbered. History has it that eighty-one was a Syrian, and three-forty-four an Arabian. We presume that seven-eleven was a Cube.



### General Rules for the Use of the Trolley Car.

1. Have a set time at which you will get the car, be on hand about five minutes early and you will find a whole string trying to sneak past.
2. If the above-mentioned scheme fails to work, here is a sure one — Take out your pipe; fill it and light it. The car will arrive coincident with the first puff.
3. Keep your eye on the conductor when you enter or leave a car, for it is a matter of pride to him to catch you in the door.
4. Never have your fare ready; never give the conductor the correct fare and above all never move out of the entrance until you leave for good, for to do these things marks the outré person, the seeker after notoriety.
5. You will find that if you carefully remove your feet from the floor you will remain standing and thus relieve your feet of your own weight and also of the weight of many others.
6. On the way out, use your elbows and plant your feet decisively at each step. Footprints on the corns of people will make your memory impressive.
7. When your self control gives way, instead of condemning the whole works to everlasting perdition, rejoice and be merry, use the sense of humor that God gave you and read the sign you will find somewhere in the near vicinity.

### PUBLIC SERVICE



### Considerate Woman

Here's to the girl, the only girl  
Of whom I can not joke:  
Who says, "Let's not go out to-night."  
The evening I am broke.

### Ec 58, Lecture

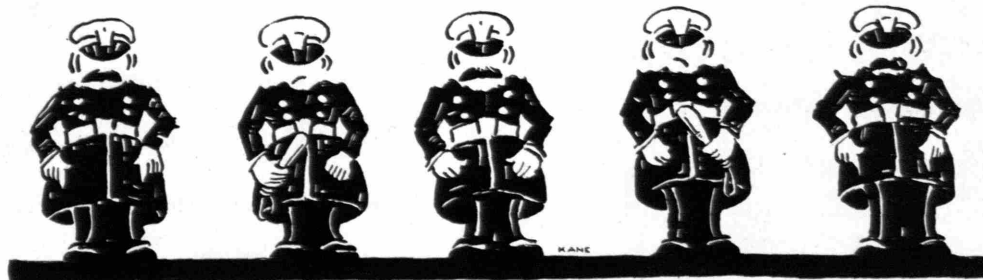
The speaker's talk was like the dress  
Mi Lady's wearing, thus;  
Short and snappy but cov'ring all  
That was int'resting to us.

Hail to thee blithe spirit,  
Bewitching Mary Rose;  
Who wears her dresses short, to show  
Two feet of silken hose.

### They Satisfy

I hate to claim some of this drool  
That runs sans thought my pen from.  
It sounds so feeble and oft' times low,  
That I fear for my rep. and then some—but:

The women enjoy these risqué rhymes,  
And the men like to read these outré lines.





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*Miss Beaconstreet*:—"What could Mr. Swift have meant when he said that I was a rigid kind of a body?"

*Charlie Bracer*:—"He probably referred to your resistance to pressure."  
—Tiger

### Keeping Posted

"Have you heard of the new disease, Burlesonia?"

"No, what's it like?"

"It attacks only mails, and in most cases brings on paralysis."  
—Widow

"Why did you put on your hat?" she asked.  
He whistled softly, "Chili Bean."  
—Lampoon

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*Jack*:—"Mabel's a funny girl."

*Jake*:—"How come?"

*Jack*:—"I tried to steal a kiss and it landed on her chin."

*Jake*:—"Nothing funny about that."

*Jack*:—"I know it; but after I kissed her, she said, "Heavens above."  
—The Dirge

*The Prisoner*:—"Your honor, it is true that I was speeding, but I can explain if you will give me a little time."

*His Honor*:—"Ten days."  
—Tar Baby

*Old Lady* (to conductor):—"Would you please tell me the berth rate from New York to Chicago?"  
—Princeton Tiger

### Quite A Picture

*She*:—"Father bought a Rubens when we were in Europe last fall."

*He*:—"Really! What wheel-base?"  
—Burr

### Cabinet Love

Mabel:—"Bill's been filing his old love letters."

Lizzie:—"Were they as rough as that?"

—Puppet

Subjects of Junior Week Conversations—

1. The girls
2. The men
3. Home towns
4. Liquor
5. The prevalence of liquor
6. Breaks
7. The chaperons
8. Who is that girl?
9. Where is that girl?
10. What is that girl?

—Widow

He:—"You didn't know who I was at the game yesterday, did you?"

She:—"No, who were you?"

—Lord Jeff

"I guess John was hunting yesterday."

"What makes you think that?"

"I heard him say he downed two Green Rivers with a shot of alcohol."

—Frivol

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English Coats : : : : :  
Caps, Gloves, Neckties

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#### Straight Dope

'21:—"A good deal depends on your luck in poker."

'23:—"Not at all; rather your luck depends on a good deal."

—Jester

#### Maybe That's the Reason

"Why is it a rich man always has the Twin-Six and a poor man the six twins."

—Siren

Roomie 1:—"Last night I was out riding with May when the car broke down six miles from home and I had to spend the rest of the evening repairing it. What would you have done?"

Roomie 2:—"The same thing that you did, only I wouldn't have lied about it."

—Widow

#### A Sharp Reply

Tourist:—"What's that beast?"

Native:—"That's a razorback hawg, suh."

Tourist:—"What's he rubbing himself on the tree for?"

Native:—"Jest stropping hisself, suh, jest stropping hisself."

—Widow

"Don't you think George is a perfect brick?"

"Yes, but after last night I think he's becoming a little boulder."

—Banter

#### Heave, Too

"Shall I bring you some dinner?" asked the steward of the ship.

"Yes, you may bring me one on approval," replied the passenger, as he gazed over the bounding deep. "I may not want to keep it."

—Widow

#### Moral — Use More Turpentine

"Remember the old days when we used to paint up the town?"

"Yep — and now they use water colors."

—Froth

#### A Trysting-Place

"I see Jinks has another new car."

"Yes, he can afford it. He goes to every Prom, you know—

"Hh-huh."

"And always parks his boat right outside the gym door."

"Yeh."

"Well, he told me the last Prom he swept up four vanity bags, a couple of fat wallets, a wrist-watch and a quart of miscellaneous jewelry from his back seat."

—Tiger

"They seem to be making cigarettes smaller and smaller."

"Yes. It won't be long before it will be a cinch to put a camel through the eye of a needle."

—Lord Vett

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*Diner*:—"Waiter, put some chocolate marshmallow on this ice cream."

*Waiter*:—"Sorry, sir, the Blue Laws forbid our serving anything on sundaes."

—Widow

## The Retort Courteous

*Irate Passenger*:—"Why don't you put your foot where it belongs?"

*Tough Guy*:—"If I did you wouldn't sit down for a week."

—Jester

## The War Game

*One*:—"They aren't shooting pool in Ireland any more."

*Two*:—"How so?"

*One*:—"Too much English on the balls."

—Widow

"Why did they put Bob out of the game?"

"For holding."

"Oh, isn't that just like Bob?"

—Virginia Reel

*Teacherette*:—"Why didn't you send up a man to mend our electric bell?"

*Electrician*:—"He did go, madame, but as he rang twice and got no answer, he concluded that there was no one at home."

—Lehigh Burr

## Precocious Lamp

*Kid*:—"How old is that lamp, ma?"

*Ma*:—"Oh, about three years."

*Kid*:—"Turn it down. It's too young to smoke."

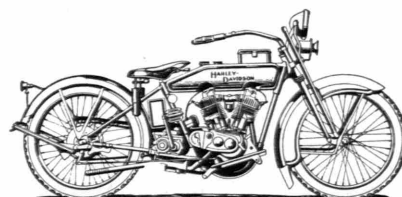
—Watchman

*Room*:—"Say, call me in the morning, will you?"

*Mate*:—"Sure, what'll I call you?"

—Lord Jeff

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### Not Acquainted

"Say, is that the moon rising over there?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I'm a stranger here myself."

—Wampus

*The one:*—"Oh, I say, Jack; I'm dreadfully sorry but I find that the sixteenth I had with you comes during our supper period."

*The other:*—"To tell the truth, Bob, I was just going to beg off because Marie promised this one to a friend from home."

*Both:*—"What luck! There's one less dance to struggle through with."

—Widow

1921:—"Did you see that movie called Oliver Twist?"

*Frosh:*—"Yes, and say, wouldn't that make a peach of a book?"

—Brown Jug

"Last evening, sir, I distinctly saw my daughter sitting in your lap. What explanation have you to make?"

"I got here early, sir — before the others."

—Judge

"Who will be the next president of Yale?" she asked. He whistled softly, "Rosie."

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### **Give Her The Gas**

*She:*—"This car picks up well on the hills."

*He:*—"Yes, but I was on the level when I met you."

—Brown Jug

"Nowadays, when a man reaches for his hip pocket, you don't know whether it's a threat or a promise."

—Pelican

### **Now, I'll Match You**

*Mike:*—"Give me a match, Ike."

*Ike:*—"Here you is."

*Mike:*—"Well, bless me, if somebody ain't swiped my pipe."

*Ike:*—"Dat's too bad. Giff me my match."

—Chaparral

'24:—"How about that two dollars you owe me?"

'23:—"I'll pay you next week."

'24:—"That's what you said last time."

'23:—"Sure, I'm not the kind of a guy what says one thing one time and another thing another time."

—Chaparral

### **A Chip of the Old Block**

*Baby:*—"I want my bottle."

*Mother:*—"Keep quiet. You're just like your father."

—Sun Dodger

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Boston, Mass.**



*Half*:—"That coach is a wonderful conversationalist."  
*Back*:—"He ought to be—he spends the whole season improving his line."

—*Banter*

### As The Day Died

*Awgwan*:—"What a sick looking watch!"

*Punch Bowl*:—"Yes, its hours are numbered." —*Siren*

*City Guy*:—"Tell me, how's the milk maid?"

*Country Lass*:—"It isn't made, you poor nut, the cow gives it." —*Cornell Widow*

"ARE the farmers allowed to make cider since prohibition went into effect?"

"Surely, haven't you heard of the freedom of the press?" —*Penn Punch Bowl*

*Judge*:—"Where did the automobile hit you?"

*Rastus*:—"Well, judge, if I'd been carrying a license number it would have been busted into a thousand pieces."

—*Schenectady (N. Y.) Union-Star*

"Mother Dear, will our cow go to heaven when she dies?"

"No, my child." "Then, will we have to go to hell for our milk?" —*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont*

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### Dumb Like A Fox

*He*:—"Harold said that you were one of those girls who were simply wonderful after you get to know them really well."

*She*:—"Well, I'm sure I don't know what Harold means, but I think he's perfectly horrid to talk about it."

—*Record*

WHEN you have made your first booze in the kitchen, pour a little in the sink. If it takes the enamel off it is ready to bottle.

—*Kansas City Star*

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#### Have You One, Too?

"That chap in Topliff is going abroad to study the trombone."

"Who staked him?"

"Everybody in the dorm chipped in."

—*Jack-o-Lantern*

#### This is Not Armenia

*Prof.*:—"What is the meaning of vortex?"

*Abey* (excitedly):—"Oh, I know — it's the extra cent on ice cream and movies."

—*Bun*

*Old Robinson* (inspecting young R's "personal expenses" account for last term):—"What do you mean by \$40 for tennis?"

*Young R.* (easily):—"Oh, that's for a couple of rackets I had to have."

*Old R.* (severely):—"Yes, I understand, but I think we used to call them bats."

—*The Tiger*

*Convalescent* (to a grateful friend):—"Thanks very much for the brandy peaches. Although the doctor wouldn't let me eat the peaches, I enjoyed very much the spirit in which they were sent."

—*Record*



## What Is Air Pressure?

**T**HE air is composed of molecules. They constantly bombard you from all sides. A thousand taps by a thousand knuckles will close a barn door. The taps as a whole constitute a push. So the constant bombardment of the air molecules constitutes a push. At sea-level the air molecules push against every square inch of you with a total pressure of nearly fifteen pounds.

Pressure, then, is merely a matter of bombarding molecules.

When you boil water you make its molecules fly off. The water molecules collide with the air molecules. It takes a higher temperature to boil water at sea-level than on Pike's Peak. Why? Because there are more bombarding molecules at sea-level—more pressure.

Take away all the air pressure and you have a perfect vacuum. A perfect vacuum has never been created. In the best vacuum obtainable there are still over two billion molecules of air per cubic centimeter, or about as many as there are people on the whole earth.

Heat a substance in a vacuum and you may discover properties not revealed under ordinary pressure. A new field for scientific exploration is opened.

Into this field the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company have penetrated. Thus one of the chemists in the Research Laboratories studied the disintegration of heated metals in highly exhausted bulbs. What happened to the glowing filament of a lamp, for example? The glass blackened. But why? He discovered that the metal distilled in the vacuum depositing on the glass.

This was research in pure science — research in what may be called the chemistry and physics of high vacua. It was undertaken to answer a question. It ended in the discovery of a method of filling lamp bulbs with an inert gas under pressure so that the filament would not evaporate so readily. Thus the efficient gas-filled lamp of today grew out of a purely scientific inquiry.

So, unforeseen, practical benefits often result when research is broadly applied.

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